

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE TWO LITERARY  
SOCIETIES OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE ON THE 10th JUNE,  
1847, AT THE SOLICITATION OF THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY

By

William Hill Jordan

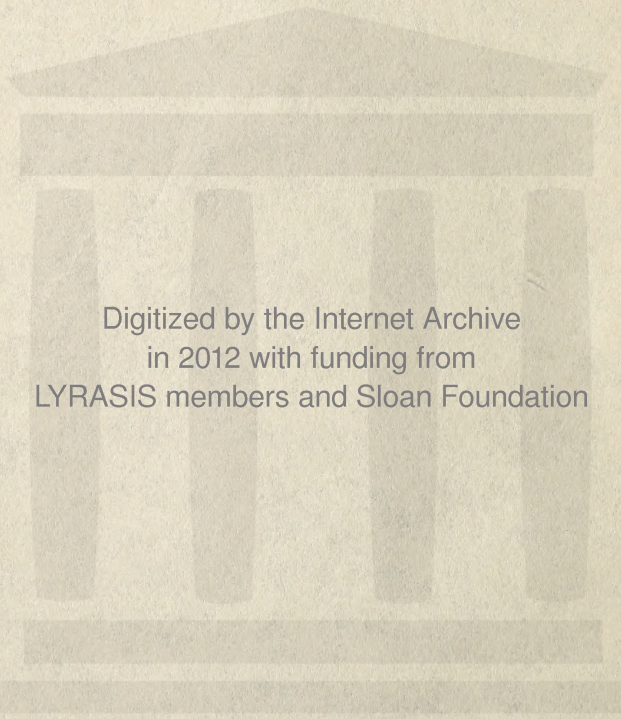
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**AN ADDRESS**

**DELIVERED BEFORE**

**THE TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES**

**WAKE FOREST COLLEGE**

**ON THE 10th JUNE, 1847.**

**By WILLIAM HILL JORDAN,**

**AT THE SOLICITATION OF**

**THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY.**

**RALEIGH.**

**W. W. HOLDEN—OFFICE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA STANDARD.**

**1847.**



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CORRESPONDENCE.

EUZELIAN HALL, JUNE 10th, 1847.

DEAR SIR: By a unanimous vote of the Euzelian Society, we have been instructed to tender you their thanks for the very elegant and instructive address delivered this morning, before the two Literary Societies, and to request a copy of the same for publication.

With the Society, permit us to express the pleasure we realized during its delivery, and our personal solicitations that you will comply with the request.

Yours, very respectfully,

R. C. MEACHUM,  
W. E. POOLE,  
B. B. BARNETT.

*Committee.*

TO REV. W. H. JORDAN.

WAKE CO., JULY 5th, 1847.

GENTLEMEN: As the address to which you refer, was intended for your service, conscious as I am, how little it is entitled to the flattering terms, in which you are pleased to mention it, I am willing to submit it to any further disposition, by which your wishes may be gratified.

Yours, very respectfully,

WM. HILL JORDAN.

TO MESSRS. R. C. MEACHUM,

W. E. POOLE,

B. B. BARNETT,

*Committee.*



## ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZE-  
LIAN SOCIETIES: You will not consider me, I trust, as in-  
dicating an unbecoming insensibility to my deficiencies, if,  
without detaining you with any declarations of my unfit-  
ness for the position which in obedience to your wishes I  
now occupy, I proceed at once with such ability as I pos-  
sess, to the discharge of the duty you have been pleased to  
assign me. In consenting to appear before you, I shall at  
least furnish evidence of my disposition to serve you, and to  
contribute, in some humble degree, to those exercises which  
impart so much interest to this occasion; and I feel encour-  
aged by the reflection, that I shall enjoy at your hands that  
sustaining sympathy and countenance seldom refused to  
good intentions, however imperfectly they may be executed.

Permit me, then, to submit to your consideration, as the  
subject, which it will be my design to discuss, in this ad-  
dress, *the reciprocal influence of Education and Reli-  
gion, in the improvement of human character, and the  
promotion of human happiness.*

The improvement of man, in his character and social con-  
dition, is a subject which has long occupied the attention  
and engaged the profoundest enquiries of the human mind.  
It is the great problem, which in different ages Human Na-  
ture has set itself to work. To perfect human character—  
to deliver man from the dominion of sensuality and vice—  
by her plastick power, to re-mould and form him to the im-  
age of virtue—to breathe into him the soul of kindness—to  
elevate him to true moral dignity—to render him a bless-  
ing to society, and thus to create within him a source of per-



ennial peace and happiness—this is the enterprise with which Philosophy has tasked her resources. How successfully she has accomplished this task it is the office of faithful history to declare.

In our own country, this subject has assumed a character of peculiar interest, from its relation to the perpetuity of those great blessings, which, under our happy government, we have so long enjoyed. As a security for present advantages, and a safe-guard against future dangers, some depend upon the *knowledge* that is abroad in society, and the enlightened character of the age. Others rely upon the principle of *self-interest* for the preservation of blessings which all feel to be so great, and the loss of which would involve so heavy a calamity; while another class are confident that nothing but the prevalence of *religious principle* can construct a barrier that will resist the tide of corruption, which otherwise will carry away, as with a flood, our government and our liberties.

That knowledge itself, dissociated from moral principle, affords any security to virtue and happiness, is a proposition so evidently unsound in theory—so at variance with the common sense and moral feelings of mankind—and so contradictory to the testimony of all history, as to require not a word in its refutation. Equally vain is the dependence upon self-interest. When the whirlpool of passion sweeps over a people, casting reason from her throne, and involving society in one scene of anarchy and crime, what dependence can there be upon this principle to bridle the storm—to control the fierce elements—and to hush to peace the surging billows of faction and mad revolution? Do we not know that faction is the chosen element of turbulent spirits? These glowing Salamanders live only in the fires of revolution. Have we not seen them transformed by the power of their hellish passions into fiends—sport with destruction—mock at God—and laugh at hell?



Neither do I believe that religion itself, exclusive of the aid to be derived from other sources, affords an absolute security for human improvement and happiness. If such a declaration shall be regarded as paradoxical—if not indeed as palpably heterodox—I must beg of you the candor not to condemn me before you have patiently heard my explanation upon this point.

Here, then, I assert my thesis—that, *The improvement of human character, and the promotion of human happiness, depend upon the reciprocal influence of Education and Religion.*

In illustration of this general proposition, we will consider the influence, *first*, of education upon religion; and *secondly*, of religion upon education, as conducing, respectively, to human improvement and happiness.

The importance of education, as a means of improvement in connection with religion will appear from a consideration of the evils, which are the natural consequence of ignorance. These evils are *privative and malign*. They relate to the benefits, of which one in consequence of the want of education, is *deprived*; and the *vicious influence* to which, from the same cause, his character is subjected.

The design of education is to develop the faculties, and discipline them to a healthy and vigorous action—to enlarge the mind—to elevate the sentiments, and to fashion the whole character to its due shape of moral beauty, either by imparting information directly, or by training the faculties to those intellectual operations by which it is acquired. It is the medium, by which we come to the possession of *knowledge*. And as knowledge relates to duty, as well as truth, education—either by communicating facts—or by elevating the mind to just and enlarged conceptions in relation to them, is necessary to the knowledge, and consequently to the practice, of *duty*. It is a chief source of the *power* which one mind exercises over another. It multiplies the

means, and greatly increases the sources of our *happiness*; and, from all these considerations, it is evidently calculated in a very great degree, to improve the character and promote the happiness of man. Deprived, therefore, of education, we must be deprived of all these benefits, which it is its design to impart. Such a privation must, of necessity, operate as an injury to the character.

The riches of science are all locked from the contemplation of the uncultivated mind. Nature displays all her beauty and munificence to eyes sealed in darkness. The wonders contained in every leaf that trembles in the wind and every grain of sand upon which he treads—in every cloud that floats over his head, and every vapour that ascends from beneath his feet—are all hidden from the admiration of that mind upon which ignorance has fixed her seal. The beauty of the rich landscape—the blue Heavens, and the deep sea—earth, with all its furniture of fruit and flower—the chastened radiance and wondrous beauty of the nocturnal skies—all waste their sweetness and lavish their riches upon the mind whose perceptions have not been formed by the hand of Taste, to a just appreciation of natural beauty and sublimity. All the great principles of knowledge—in whatever department—if understood at all, are but feebly and indistinctly apprehended by an ignorant man. The operations of his mind are crude and immature. Unpractised in the just exercise of its powers, the mind easily becomes the dupe, either of its own delusions or the designs of others. Incapable of high resolve, or elevated moral sentiment, the man, doomed to ignorance, feels nothing of those conceptions of duty which impel noble minds with an irresistible energy to those deeds of sublimest virtue which are alike the crown of him who performs and a blessing to the world for whom they are achieved; which shed indeed such a glory upon our common nature. The influence of mind upon mind, which is so great an element



of power, can exist in but a very limited and imperfect degree, with an uneducated man. For, the mind must possess power before it can exert it. To such an one, the fountains of rational enjoyment—of intellectual and moral pleasure must, of course, in a very great degree be sealed. Stinted, for the want of the knowledge, which is its proper food, the mind must dwindle to a dwarfish size. Deprived of communion with those objects, which purify and exalt them, the affections must languish and descend to degenerate associations. Restricted from that course of virtue in which a more liberal and enlarged apprehension of duty would propel us, the character must suffer a necessary deterioration. Under such an unfortunate influence, the mind must sink and grovel. Or, if it contain an ethereal spark which will not permit it to grovel in the dust, it feels, at least, that it is imprisoned and chained—forbidden to walk abroad through the fair fields of knowledge, or soar into the region of intellectual light and liberty.

Besides these advantages, of which an uneducated man is *deprived*, the want of education—or in other words *ignorance*, exerts a positively vicious influence upon his character.

The cause of this may be easily explained. Whenever the dominion of reason is abridged, the power and sway of passion are increased. If the faculties of the understanding are not cultivated and strengthened, the mind is left exposed to the inroads of delusion. Hence, uneducated persons will be found, very frequently, and in a degree peculiar to themselves, to be subjected to the power of *prejudice*; to be the devotees of superstition; the subjects of a wild enthusiasm; and the tools of faction.

How often is it seen to be the case, that one man, under the influence of low and vulgar prejudice, becomes offended with another, without being able to assign any good reason for such a conduct. The dress of one person does not

please him. The manners of another are offensive ; and thus, without being able to prove to his own satisfaction even, that such persons are, in these respects, less right than himself; or indeed, that there is any thing reprehensible in their conduct, his mind becomes embittered with the most virulent prejudice. The difficulty in this case is—not that one person may not lawfully differ in his opinions from another, with regard to what respects taste and manners, but the *malignity* of the offence consists in this: that for no better a reason than such a difference, he allows himself to conceive the most implacable opposition against an unoffending person. With about as much justice and good feeling one man, who loves bacon, might quarrel with another, who prefers beef. Thus blinded and invenomed, prejudice can see nothing that is good—nothing that is deserving—in the unfortunate victim upon whom she has fixed her jaundiced eye. His very virtues become vices. That which in others is a just subject of admiration, in him serves only to provoke to increased ulceration and pruriency the malignant distemper of the prejudiced mind. There is no hope for him. Like the unhappy victim in the hands of the inexorable inquisitor, the heretic must die.

Superstition, too, is a monster that loves the dark. Like the nightshade, and other noxious plants, it flourishes in the deep shadows of the wild and uncultivated forest, where the interlocked boughs allow not the beams of heaven to penetrate. True, that Religion, in taking her throne in the heart, has witnessed its subjection to the supremacy of Revelation; but superstition will not object to the Bible, provided the imagination may only be permitted to mingle with its sacred truths her dreams and her visions. The uncultivated mind, too, is often charmed, more with the illusions of the imagination than with the lessons of Religion; and finds more pleasure in abandoning itself to wander over unknown and fairy land, than in being confined to the



sober walks of reality. The antidote to this poison is *reason*, purified by religion, and strengthened by education.

The enthusiast indulges in most arbitrary and unwarrantable notions concerning his duty, and promises himself certain success in the course, however eccentric and wild, which he conceives Heaven to have prescribed for his obedience. The suggestions of a heated mind and a distempered imagination he substitutes as the rule of his conduct, in the place of the sure declarations of the oracles of Heaven. Unfortunate is it, for the interests of piety, when it falls under the influence of this fierce and untractable spirit. Religion, associated with knowledge and reason, is the solace of life—the ornament of society—the true source of improvement—the bond of union, and the safe-guard of order. But, *enthusiasm*, assuming her name and usurping her banner, bursts assunder the bonds which bind society together; lights the flame of discord; tramples under foot all laws, human and divine, and triumphs in one universal scene of carnage and of blood.

From the foregoing considerations it will be easy to see, that ignorant men, however good they may be, are greatly exposed to the dangers of faction. For superstition and enthusiasm are, of themselves, two of the most powerful elements of faction. They have only to take a political direction, and the deed is at once effected. How great is the danger to such persons (and the more conscientious they are, the greater frequently will the danger be) of becoming the dupes and tools of intriguing and aspiring demagogues, who seek, by all the means which they can press into their service, to accomplish the designs of a reckless ambition! Such men, wherever they go, are blowing the flames of discord, and belching the fires of faction—perhaps without impropriety I might say, the fires of hell. Their work is especially among the weak—the credulous—the

conscientious. Tyrants they tell them are grasping their liberties. They will soon be slaves. The rich are taking the government all into their own hands. Their religion is in danger. They will soon be subjected to tribute. They will be compelled to build churches, and pay salaries to impostors and hypocrites. We—they announce to them, are the chosen instruments of Heaven, sent to avenge your wrongs. Submit no longer to the imposition. You are unworthy of the name of Freemen, if you tamely bow your neck to the yoke. Your unborn children will curse your memory if you suffer now, the chains to be fastened on their hands. Unsheathe your swords. Rally under the banner of liberty, and fight the battle of God and of truth.

Often has the heartless factionist thus played upon the feelings of good, but credulous men, as a means of seducing them to the accomplishment of his nefarious designs. Their very virtues in this case become their snare. Their religion itself becomes the means of accomplishing the crimes which they most abhor, and against which they would defend their country, though it were at the price of their blood.

Such are some of the evils—both of a personal and social character, resulting from ignorance, even when associated with piety. Their deleterious influence, upon both the character and happiness of man, is most evident. Volumes would be necessary to display their full extent and malignity. We mention them now, only as a man would warn his fellow of a serpent in his path, by simply calling his name. By its tendency to arrest these evils, and to deliver the character from their malign influence, as well as to enlarge and elevate the mind—to assist the affections to rise to their proper objects—to impart energy and efficiency to human action—to refine the taste and fashion the manners, the genius of education disemprisons the spirit of Religion, and



sends her forth, on strong and buoyant wing, to dispense her benefits in the world.

We have hitherto contemplated the *religious* man, without education. Let us now contemplate the *educated* man, without religion. If it has been seen that the former is incapable of securing, to their full extent, the true dignity and real happiness of man, much more may this be expected to be the case with the latter. If education, exerts so important an influence upon *Religion*, in the promotion of human happiness, and the improvement of human character, still more decided, may it be supposed, will be the influence of Religion upon *education*.

The experience of mankind has embodied itself in the proverb, that men know and approve what is right, but *do* what is wrong. The design of all moral and religious instruction is not so much to teach men unknown duty, as to enforce upon them the practice of that which they know. Hence knowledge, though good in itself, is nevertheless negative in its character, and derives its moral complexion from the nature of the element with which it is associated. Valuable in itself, it may, through its subjection to the mastery of vice, become the direst evil. Happy would it have been for many men, and happy, too, for those falling within the circle of their influence, if they had lived and died unknown and unknown. Their knowledge has been only an instrument of mischief to others, and a source of misery to themselves. But for the possession of knowledge, which has served only as the torch to light the evil passions to their deeds of crime, many a Cromwell might have lived and died, "guiltless of his country's blood." Of so little value, do we see, is knowledge, to the purposes of virtue and happiness—indeed, so tremendous and destructive an element of mischief may it be—unless subjected to the control of moral principle.

In illustration of the principle, that knowledge derives

its moral hue from the nature of the object with which it is associated, and is dependent for its value upon its subjection to the influence of Religion, let us contemplate some of those forms of vice and crime, with which it is not unfrequently found in most intimate association. We shall thus see its insufficiency, as a means of improvement and happiness, of itself, when we shall behold, in persons of education and such as possess a high degree of intelligence, marked examples of vice and depravity; and we shall also see, the necessity of Religion to imbue it with its spirit, and to impart to it that conservative influence which shall be the means of preserving it from moral putrefaction.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of the best education, many persons will be found worshipping at the altar of *Mammon*; many given up to *Ambition*; many the slaves of *Sensuality*; and many the advocates and abettors of *Infidelity*.

Let us look, for an example, at *Covetousness*, associated as it often is, with much mental improvement. Gold is the only object that sparkles in the eyes of the covetous man. His highest—indeed it may be said his only conception of happiness, is that which associates it with the possession of riches. Under the power of this vice, his heart acquires an unhappy insensibility to the claims of duty, and to the beauties of Virtue. Conscience is soon coined into gold, to satisfy the cravings of this remorseless appetite. The luxury of benevolence he neither knows, or is capable of enjoying. Talk to him about the happiness of the man who uses his money as a means of doing good—of promoting human happiness—and of supporting institutions designed, by the enlargement of knowledge and the promotion of virtue, to adorn and perfect the character of man;—you might as well present a rose to a bear. Every thing excellent—every thing lovely—perishes in the grasp of this Demon Age.



which should relax our hold upon earth, and mature our virtue for the skies, contracts the heart and increases the selfishness of the covetous man. With its infirmities and pains the aged miser becomes more clamorous for gold, and more callous to every virtuous sensibility. He grasps the world, with a tenacity the more desperate as he feels the conviction that he must soon part with it forever.

While education enlarges the mental vision, to behold "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," *Ambition* is the spirit which promises to the beholder that all shall be his, if he will worship at his shrine of blood.

The spirit of ambition is a spirit of pride and cruelty, covetousness, and injustice—a reckless disregard of the rights of man, and a proud defiance of the authority of God. Under such an influence, the mind is exposed to whatever is calculated in the unbridled passions and imperious self-will of our nature, to devastate the moral feelings—to extinguish, with a rude and desperate hand, the flame of sensibility—and to trample, with an iron heel, all sense of justice, truth, and virtue into the very dust. What are the illustrious conquerors, whose names and whose deeds have emblazoned the page of history, but illustrious robbers and murderers? What are their splendid achievements, in blood and ruin, but splendid scenes of guilt and crime? The voice of nature has been drowned, in the wild uproar of unbridled ambition. In the tumultuous rush, and deadly conflict of belligerent passions, humanity has perished; and under the supremacy of tyranny and crime, truth and justice have been exiled from the earth. Let not us, Americans, so long as it is true that Cæsar became the assassin of liberty; or that Cromwell, while promising freedom to his countrymen, was plotting deeds of usurpation and crime;—or that the restless Burr, while boasting himself the very apostle of liberty and champion of republican institutions, was revolving, in the

deep recesses of his dark soul, schemes guilty and perfidious as his own treacherous heart,—let not us be too confident that our liberties shall always be secure from the grasp of reckless and bloody-minded ambition. We know but little what is in man; and if this spirit shall once spring, like the roused lion from his lair, and fix his burning eye upon the splendours of a *throne*—the lessons of education—the obligations of virtue—the claims of friendship, the fidelity of pledges—the sanctity of oaths—the wail of matrons, and the tears of beauty, will oppose such obstructions only to his progress as the straw-built houses of children oppose to the way of the whirlwind. How vain, in such a case, would be our dependence upon the education and intelligence of a guilty Cataline—or a lawless Bonaparte—mad for power, as the hungry tiger is for blood! Go! reason with the hungry wolf, as with fierce delight he sucks the heart's blood of the hapless lamb, transfixed and quivering between his sharp talons! Go! reason with the devouring conflagration which wraps in one blazing sheet of ruin the devoted city! Go! reason with the wild winds, and the remorseless seas, as they close over the mingled wail of infancy and of age! But deceive not yourselves with the vain hope of arresting, by reason, the mad career of the man of ambition. Religion only is our security against such dangers.

In what intimate alliance shall we find *sensuality*, in its many modifications, with the educated classes of society? How does wealth lend his treasure, and eloquence his persuasion, and beauty her charms, to gild the temple of vice and adorn the bowers of pleasure! Some abandon themselves to the grosser forms of sensuality; some float like the painted butterfly, in the sunshine of pleasure; *all* devote themselves to a course which enfeebles and vitiates the character, dissipates the moral feelings, and renders those who practise it, the just object of their own contempt. To what



a shameful extent are many of our distinguished men addicted to intemperance! Look through our country. Look through the wide world—among the ranks of fashion, and say—who are the votaries of pleasure—the slaves, rather, of sensuality? Yea! if we go even to those sacred halls, to which we send our chosen men, confiding to them the sacred duty of providing, by a wise legislation, for our prosperity and happiness, is it the ignorant and vulgar only who will there be found to be engaged in scenes of midnight debauchery—the inmates of every receptacle of vice and sink of iniquity? Very far from it. They are those who are regarded as the ornament of society—the pride of their country, and the hope of the world. It is such scenes, so humiliating to every friend of virtue and his country, which enforce upon the mind the conviction of the absolute and utter insufficiency of education and knowledge, disconnected from religion, for the improvement and happiness of man.

Let us finally contemplate the illustration of our principle, as exhibiting itself in the frowning and malignant aspect of *Infidelity*.

It has often been the boast of infidelity; that it was the companion of cultivated and liberal minds—the friend of genius and the ally of intelligence; while religion, it has asserted, was the offspring of ignorance—a foul vapour, exhaled from vulgar passions, fermented by the heats of superstition. It will not be denied that infidelity has found among its disciples men of the greatest genius and the brightest intelligence; and this fact affords the proof that neither genius nor intelligence constitute a security against its prevalence.

A system that has been so long exerting its influence in the world, ought to be able to point to some monuments of its utility, and to exhibit some evidence of its power to make good its high pretensions. But what are the achieve-

ments of infidelity? Where shall we look for her triumphs of virtue? Where are her apostles, who have explored seas, and traversed continents—who have penetrated into the dark recesses of the tangled forest—and who have allied themselves for life with privation, toil, hunger and danger, to redeem degraded man, wherever he might be found, from the miseries of his present condition, and point his hopes to undying happiness beyond the grave? Where is the sweet moral influence that has gone out from infidelity, to reconcile man to his present condition of hardship and trial—to lighten and cheer the toils of the poor, and to brighten their hearth with the visions of Heaven? Hollow echo gives back the answer, *where?* But has infidelity *no* monuments? Yes, she has; and blood-stained France can tell us where they are. The groans of the Bastile, and the blood of the guillotine proclaim alike her triumphs and her spirit. I speak not of his *intentions*—but of the nature and tendency of his principles—when I declare my honest conviction that the infidel, find him where you may, is the enemy of mankind. His aim is directed (whether wittingly or not,) to the subversion of all order. He makes a deadly stab at the very heart of virtue. He attempts, with lawless hand, to extinguish the only star of hope, which kind Heaven has lighted up, to guide the mariner for eternity through the stormy seas of life. While we look upon such characters and such scenes, we must feel, with deep conviction, how vain is all hope founded simply upon education and knowledge, of perfecting the character of man in virtue and happiness.

If, then, education be necessary to the highest dignity, and greatest happiness of man, Religion is still more necessary. If, without the former, we cannot hope for the proper development of his character, and the attainment of the highest excellence of which he is capable, still more may this be affirmed of the latter.



The influence of religion upon education is, to elevate it from the love of dust to the contemplation of essential excellence; to refine it from sensuality to a celestial purity; to direct its views from the honors of earth—soiled by corruption and stained with blood—to the pure, and peaceful, and *unwithering* honors which God's own hand shall bind around the brow of suffering virtue.

We have now viewed both religion and education in their separate influences, and have seen the insufficiency of each, apart from the other, for the purposes of human improvement and happiness. Let us now contemplate them in their combined power and operation. Let us conceive of man, as possessing the knowledge to comprehend and the disposition to do what is right; in other words, let us conceive of him as both knowing and doing his duty. What now, we ask, will be found deficient, either for virtue or happiness in such a character?

To know our duty and to do it, is at once the perfection of virtue and of happiness. Whatever is excellent in knowledge, combines with all that is sacred in virtue, to impress upon such a character the stamp of a celestial dignity. Under such an influence, every sphere of human action becomes fragrant with virtue, and presents a scene of the sweetest and purest enjoyment.

Enthroned Virtue and Knowledge in the person of the *Supreme Ruler* of a people. How sacred will be his regard for the authority of God! How profound his reverence for the Divine Majesty! He will delight to abase himself, with all his honors in the dust, before Him, whose hand has elevated him to the dignities of his high seat. The breath of piety will perfume the chambers of majesty; and from him, who rules his fellow men, will ascend the incense of prayer and adoration to the Great Ruler of all. Partial to

none, he will be kind to all. 'The justice which he dispenses to the greatest, he will not withhold from the least. With a father's kindness he looks upon the people, over whose interests he has been appointed to watch, and whose happiness it is his duty to guard. His soul is animated with the love of justice, and his example of elevated virtue invites and inspires to a noble emulation, the thousands over whom he wields a willing sceptre. The happiness of man, is the ruling desire of his heart, and the great end of his government. The ambition which animates him, is the ambition of doing good, and of leaving the world happier than he found it. His heart beats with every generous sentiment, and is faithful to every virtuous impulse. To discharge the sacred duties of his office with fidelity and dignity, and then to retire from its toils and responsibilities, amid the blessings of a grateful nation, the peace of his own conscience, and the approbation of his God, is the honest and cherished desire that warms the heart and animates the efforts of the virtuous Ruler.

What a scene would be presented for the gratification of the Philanthropist, in the contemplation of men, enlightened by knowledge, and animated with the love of virtue, in the character of the *Legislative Assembly* of a great people! What might not be expected from such an assembly! Sacredly faithful to their solemn duties, each as jealous for the rights of others as for his own, one spirit of fraternal union animating the whole body, in one common and sacred effort for promoting the dignity and happiness of their country, and of the world; wise in counsel; dignified in manners, kind in temper. Oh! when shall our delighted eyes repose upon such a lovely scene! Too distant, we fear, is the day. Yet this day will come, when knowledge and Religion shall have united their influence in the formation of the character of those who shall constitute this venerable Assembly.



Pervade with the spirit of enlightened benevolence, the great *political communities* of the earth; then shall we see the happy day, when "nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Let knowledge and Religion combine to form the *social character of society*. Then *covetousness* will have disappeared, amid the munificent displays of enlightened benevolence. "The liberal" will then "devise liberal things." *Sweet charity* will stand with open hand, and smiling face, more happy in what she gives than the objects of her benefactions in what they receive. *Pride* will be no more, when, under the influence of an enlightened philosophy, man shall at length learn that true dignity consists in humility, and that he is already exalted, who has learned to abase himself. *Faction's* discordant voice will be hushed forever, when love shall animate the soul, and kindness circulate through every vein of all the social system. *Ambition* shall have sped his guilty course, when man, blessed while he blesses, shall learn to love his neighbor as he loves himself. *Black malice* will then have retired to her native den; for then "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling shall feed together; and a little child shall lead them."

Let us see an exemplification of this subject in some of those bright, I had almost said divine specimens of moral excellence, which at different periods, like stars in a dark night, have shed their radiance upon our world. Look at Jonathan Edwards! Look at Vanderkemp! Look at Adoniram Judson! what simplicity of spirit! what purity of principle! what greatness of soul! How decided and unconquerable in all that relates to duty! How meek and

kind in all besides ! See, too, the apostolic Whitfield, flying from one continent to another, as on the wings of an angel, to publish the glad tidings of salvation to a ruined world ! See the philanthropic Howard, regarding man—outcast, as he might be from all the world beside, still as his brother, and seeking his happiness amid the infection of prisons, and the foul scenes of loathsome dungeons ! Every heart must yield a spontaneous tribute of reverence and affection at the sound of the name of this friend of man. *Howard* is but another name for all that is sublime in benevolence, and all that is sweet in mercy. He was the friend of the poor, the forgotten, the miserable. He does not need, nor could he receive, higher praise. A sublimer epitaph could not record his virtues. *Whitfield and Howard*—immortal names ! They have ceased from their labors. They rest from their toils. But their deeds of undying fame remain, to refresh our spirits as with odours flung from angel's wings. What would be the condition of our world, if the spirit of the illustrious names we have mentioned, possessed and animated all its inhabitants ? Such will it be, when throughout its whole extent, Education and Religion shall have exerted their combined influence in improving the character and promoting the happiness of man.

Perhaps there has been no period in the history of human affairs, when the inquiry with respect to what constitute the essential means of human improvement, and thus lays the foundation for human happiness, has been more deeply interesting, than the eventful period in which we live. Throughout the world society is in a ferment. The events of the last hundred years, have given an impulse to the human mind which the power of man in vain shall attempt to arrest, and which must propel it with a continually accelerating power until man shall have achieved his deliverance from the oppression and degradation which ages of relentless intolerance and heartless usurpation have accumulated up—



on him. The spirit of liberty has breathed upon the victim of tyranny; and he feels a glow kindling in his veins, an invigoration infusing itself through his soul, under the power of which he will soon burst his chains, tear down his prison-house, and proclaim as with a trumpet through the wide world, the triumph of liberty and of man. Ancient institutions are tottering upon a precarious basis. The signs of the times portend change. Expectation is the spirit of the age.

But what, let it be asked, is the guarantee to the patriot and philanthropist, that in the revolution which seems to be portended by the heaving surface of Europe, as well as other portions of the world, the real happiness of man shall be secured? Change is not, of necessity, improvement. When government shall be subverted from its deep foundations, when thrones shall be demolished, when society, dissolved in its structure, shall be resolved into its original elements, amid this general wreck of government, of law, of order, what security have we that the unbridled passions will obey the voice of reason—that man will spontaneously subject himself to purer and better forms of government, and that he will work his way through all these elements of confusion and strife, perhaps of anarchy and bloodshed, to peace, to virtue, and to happiness? We should be sure of the quality of the metal, which is destined to abide the fires of such a crucible. It is the consideration of these prospects, so pregnant with consequences of the greatest magnitude to the happiness of man, which imparts so deeply an interesting complexion to the problem respecting his improvement.

But if this inquiry be an interesting one to mankind generally, to none can it be more interesting than to us—the favoured citizens of happy America. Never, surely, did a more expansive and sublime prospect of happiness display itself to the hopes of man, than we are permitted to contem-

plate in the existence and operation of the government of our happy country. Our Constitution, the production of hoary wisdom and matured virtue, spreads its broad wing of protection over every citizen, and imparts from its own bosom a genial warmth and invigoration to his soul. Like the great orb of day, it pervades with its reviving beams the whole atmosphere of liberty. It penetrates with its influence every recess of our widely extended country. It shines with equal beneficence upon the mansions of the great and the cabins of the poor. It smiles with equal benignity upon the Senator in the chamber of legislation, the peasant at his plough, and the huntsman in the forest. Beneath its banner hoary age reposes in security, by its own fireside, upon the bosom of domestic enjoyment; industry is animated to virtuous toil; and childhood practises its gambols beneath the fond eye of parental admiration. It vivifies all, strengthens all, guards all. Cherish and defend, Americans! next to your Bible, the Constitution of your country. The tree of liberty, planted by the hands, watered by the blood, and nourished by the solicitude of the tried patriots and venerable fathers of our republic, has struck deep its roots into the earth, shot its green branches towards the Heavens, and overspread, as with a verdant canopy, the whole land with its refreshing shade. As on eagle's wings God has borne us through the shock of battle. In the hour of danger he has shielded the heads of our heroes. He has poured confusion into the councils of our enemies. He has planted and established us. He has enriched us with his blessing, and crowned us with his favor. If ever there was a people, in whom was fulfilled the prediction of the Bible, that they should sit under their own vines and fig-trees, and there should be none to make them afraid, that people surely is the people of these United States.

It is not more natural than just, that we should feel a solicitude for the perpetuity of such blessings. Who but



must wish safety to the ship, in which are embarked the dearest hopes of man? We delight to indulge in the anticipation that our country shall become all that it may be, and all that it ought to be. The imagination is pleased to dwell upon her future destinies. We think with admiration of her increasing power, of her expanding commerce, of her progressive population, of her growing cities, her busy people, her crowded marts, her seats of learning, hoary with wisdom and laden with opulence; her future heroes and sages; her wealth, her power, and her glory. We are fond of believing that this happy land, consecrated to liberty by the blood of our revolutionary struggle, shall ever be what it has always been, an asylum for the oppressed of every country, the home of the exiled wanderer, and the haven where suffering virtue may repose, secure from the power of her oppressor. It is indeed a delightful vision; and we may be pardoned if we are fond of allowing our imagination to repose upon a scene of so much moral beauty; a scene in which there is so much to gratify the feelings of the patriot and the philanthropist.

But while we are indulging these fond anticipations; while contemplating the bright hues with which the imagination adorns the future prospects of our country, let us not forget the suggestions of reason. In all we are now enjoying, and all for which we are fondly hoping, is there yet among us no cause for apprehension? If we have many hopes, can we be without many fears? Is there nothing in the past history, nothing in the present condition of our country to excite solicitude, (I will not say alarm,) in the breast of the patriot? Is not the tremendous friction jarring so heavily the whole machinery of government, such as to create often a fear for its safety, and to appall the heart of the most sanguine republican? Is there nothing to fear from the selfishness of man, forgetful of the generous principles and liberal maxims which should animate every citizen of a free gov-

ernment, and representative of a free people; intent only upon the sordid consideration of personal or party aggrandizement, descending from the elevation he should be proud to occupy, and fixing his reptile gaze upon the golden wedge or the Babylonish garment? Have we no cause of apprehension from the licentiousness of many of our public men; from their contempt of God and his truth; from their wanton desecration, in the legislation of the country and in the character of the assembled nation, of his holy day? *Nothing* from the rabid thirst for office, and the shameful prostration of all dignity, and prostitution of all principle, as the price at which miserable sycophants are willing to possess themselves of it? Ah! my friends there must be danger, where such elements of mischief are at work. It is not without reason, we feel a solicitude for the perpetuity of our blessings. To the American, especially, is interesting the subject of human improvement. It is to him an inquiry of *vital* importance. What are those safeguards with which we may surround the virtue of man, that will enable us to rely upon his integrity for the faithful preservation of those high and solemn trusts which have been confided to his guardianship; trusts interesting, not to himself alone, but involving the happiness of unborn millions? May God enable the American people to give to this enquiry its proper answer!

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop; but it will not, I trust, be inappropriate to the occasion, and, I am sure, will not be ungrateful to the feelings of those who now hear me, if, in conclusion, we indulge in some tender recollections connected with the early history of our Institution. Let, then, our remaining reflections be sacred to the effusions of the heart.

The hands which assisted us in laying the foundation and rearing the walls of this Institution, are, many of them, now mouldering in the cold grave. Among these names, hallowed to our feeling by all the tender and solemn associ-



tions with which the tomb invests their memory, who that ever knew him will forget the name of the amiable *Carter*?

Oh! *Carter*, my friend! my brother! I shall be pardoned if I pause for a moment to drop a tear over thy early grave. Who that knew thee did not love thee! Let fond memory dwell upon the image of thy modest worth, the fidelity of thy friendship, the sweetness of thy temper, the unsullied purity of thy character, united with an excellent understanding, all consecrated to virtue, to benevolence, to truth. When I think what it was permitted thee in the brief moment of thy existence to do, I feel encouraged. But my heart sinks when I reflect upon what thou wouldst have done. Oh! my brother! my heart melts at the recollection of thy virtues; but I would not be so unkind as to wish to disturb the sanctity of thy repose. I hope to see thee again, in scenes very different from the pain and agony of the dying hour, the affliction of loving hearts dissevered by death's unfeeling stroke, and the sorrows of the soul sickened and oppressed amid scenes of sepulchral gloom and desolation. I hope, my brother! soon to see thee again.

Close by the side of *Carter*, fell the excellent *Graham*. Intelligent, generous, devoted, he gave to our cause the vigor of a strong mind and the affection of a warm heart. The loss of two such men as *Carter* and *Graham*, struck down by the same blow, and sinking as it were, into the same grave, might have dampened our zeal and discouraged our hopes, if conscious of the purity of our designs, we had not been able to rely for success upon the patronage of Heaven.

But there is another name that must not be forgotten, and will not be forgotten, by the founders and patrons of this Institution. His bones are mouldering on the banks of the Tombigby, in the soil of Mississippi, but his name and his toils are associated with the history of Wake Forest. And so often as we shall be permitted to assemble on this

spot, consecrated now to our affections by so many sacred associations with the living and the dead ; and so often as we shall here on the altar of virtue and science renew the pledges of devotion to one another and to the common cause in which we have embarked ; and so often as we shall be permitted to behold with admiring eyes the unfolding honors of this Institution—*once* the object of *his* hopes, *his* toils, and *his* prayers—so often will we yield the tribute of fond recollection and grateful remembrance to the name of *John Armstrong*.

There is another name—a name which we all delight to honor—and which we should all be pleased to hear announced in this connection, but delicacy forbids it to be mentioned. He, to whom it belongs, happily for us, still lives to cheer us with his active zeal and cordial co-operation in every good work, and, by his labors of piety, to animate us to an emulation of his own bright example. From the summit of the Alleghany to the sands washed by the waves of the sea, he has left behind him witnesses of his zeal and his piety, and has engraven his name upon the hearts of the friends of virtue, and the lovers of good men. His labors have been among the earliest, the most arduous, and the most devoted for the elevation of the Baptist cause in our State: and if it might be considered as invidious to say, that to *him* more than to any other person, it may certainly with great justice be said, that to *no other person* more than to him, are we indebted for our present happy position as a denomination, compared with what that position was twenty years ago. His name is engraven deeply upon the foundation stone of this Institution ; and we can some of us remember, when the weight of it rested upon his shoulders with an almost crushing power. We say no more than will meet with a ready response from the hearts of the many thousands to whom his services have introduced and endeared him, when



we say, that he is entitled to the lasting gratitude, admiration, and love of the Baptists of North Carolina. He is a father of the denomination, and doubtless impartial history, on her faithful page, will so record his name. Long may he live, an ornament of his Church and a blessing to society. And when it shall please the God, in whose service he has already grown grey, to call him from his toils on earth to his home in the Heavens, may the close of his life be as peaceful and happy as its course has been virtuous and useful!

*Friends of the Institution*, let me address to you a word of fraternal friendship and exhortation.

Once more, are we permitted to meet on this interesting ground. Through all the dangers which have beset our way, the hand of our great Father has conducted us together, once more to mingle our sympathies, once more to renew our vows amid the groves of Wake Forest. *We* yet live to cheer each other with the smile of fraternal sympathy and the warm salutation of fraternal love.

We meet, my friends, to rejoice with the living—to mourn for the dead. We meet to remember that many beloved faces, which we have been accustomed to behold, at this place, we shall see on earth no more. We meet to be reminded that we too, must soon yield our places among the living, and take our places among the dead. *This day*, friends and brethren, the voice of the dead unites with that of the living, to remind us that what we do, for God or man, must be quickly done. From the tomb the voice of our departed brothers calls upon us to finish speedily our work on earth, and to be ready to lie down by their side. Yes! sacred dust! we hear thy voice: nor, with the help of God, shall it be disregarded. Let us hasten then friends, while yet we live, to embalm our memory with perfume more precious than any of Egyptian fame—the perfume of a name

rich in good works, redolent of virtue, devoted to the service of God and of man.

The present condition of our College is a cause of just congratulation among ourselves, and of special gratitude to God. We do not wish, nor do we intend, to indulge in an inflated language upon this subject. Such a conduct is as repugnant to modesty as it is offensive to piety. We would guard, too, against a spirit of self-confidence; for pride, we know, goeth before a fall. We would speak of our Institution with modesty, and with candor. We know, too, that our danger is not yet past. The struggle is not yet at an end. It becomes us, therefore, to temper our joy with discretion. These things we know, and would not forget. But these facts being well understood and duly considered, we still repeat, that we have just cause for congratulation with one another and for devout gratitude to God. With the gratification of our wishes in obtaining the services of the honored and beloved individual who presides over our Institution, with an increase from about forty to near ninety in the number of our students, with the public inviting us to come and receive their benefactions for the relief of our College; under such circumstances it surely can be neither immodest or vain-glorious to thank God and take courage.

We meet this day, friends of the Institution, under circumstances peculiarly auspicious to our long-cherished hopes and our long-sustained efforts. Let our hearts be revived; let our hands be strengthened; let our souls be animated with praise to God. Thus strengthened and blessed, let us in the name of our God, and in the name of the Truth of our God, to which our lives are devoted—let us now arise and take the city. *Now* is the time when every man is expected to do his duty. Who among you, Honored Trustees and Patrons of this Institution, whose heart and hand, obedient to the impulse of a noble generosity, will not fly open in quick and cordial response to its interesting claims? Be not



weary in the sublime work of doing good. God is your Patron; winged angels your Companions; and Heaven your Eternal Reward.

Young Gentlemen of the Societies I have the honor of addressing, my parting words I have reserved for you.

Let me first seek to impress upon your minds the importance of a friendly relation between the two Societies of which you are members. Let Euzelians and Philomatheans mingle together in the kindest union and the most fraternal harmony. It will be a credit to yourselves and an honor to your Institution, when it shall be known that the only contest between the Literary Societies of Wake Forest, is the contest of brothers in the spirit of a virtuous and noble emulation. It were unworthy of the laudable object for which your Societies were formed that they should ever become a source of malignant feeling and angry contention. *Never* should young men engaged amid academic shades, in the peaceful pursuits of Literature and Virtue, become arrayed in hostile factions or rally under the banner of party discord. It were incomparably better that such Institutions, whatever may be their advantages, should not be permitted to exist, than that they should become the occasion of embittering and exasperating to spiteful opposition the tender feelings of youth, and of alienating those who should feel for one another only the fondest affection. I speak thus earnestly on this subject, because my experience convinces me that there is danger to be apprehended from this source. Let me guard you against it, my young friends, as contributing nothing to the dignity of your characters or the honor of your Societies.

In the next place let me address to you a word on the subject of your duties as those who are seeking at this College the benefits of an education. Let me commend, young gentlemen, to your interest and your affections, the Institution of which you are members. You enjoy the instruc-

tions of an intelligent, a kind and devoted Faculty; a Faculty which, by their singular devotion to the laborious duties with which they are charged, are entitled to your affection and gratitude, and to the thanks of the Trustees of this Institution. At your head presides an officer (he must excuse me for such a reference to him,) who, without intending any invidious comparisons with others, or any fulsome compliment to ourselves, we may be permitted to say, is an honor to his native State, and an ornament to this, as he would be to any Literary Institution. We will not say to you that this Institution possesses all the literary advantages of Yale or Harvard; that its libraries are as large, its Faculty as numerous, or its apparatus as complete. We will employ no such language of bombast and disgusting ostentation. But *this* we will say, and we will speak it with all confidence, that he who will not improve with the advantages he enjoys at this Institution, and prepare himself to act with respectability and dignity his part in life, *would not do it* with any advantages whatever. The extensive arrangements of richly endowed Institutions are rather a matter of luxury, a literary epicurism, than absolutely necessary to a sound education, which shall prepare the mind for the stern duties of life. Look through the Colleges of our country, and you will find that many of their most distinguished Alumni, are such as received their honors at an early period of their existence in the incipency of their operations. Who thinks now less of John Q. Adams, because he was one of the early graduates of Harvard? Are his honors less valuable to an American mind than if they had been reaped upon the fields of the British Cambridge or Oxford? What would Benjamin Franklin, when a youth, have given for such advantages as you here possess! Let me tell you, my young friends, what is often told but is hard to learn, that it is the *man* who must distinguish himself. It is the *man*, and not the Institution.



It is a fond conceit, cheating us of our time and our money, that we are to obtain great advantages, and of necessity to become great men, by running from one Institution to another. See, whether those who have left this very Institution prematurely, have gained any thing in their standing and prospects as compared with those who have remained and here received their diploma. I never intend to speak any thing but the truth, or at least what I believe to be such. I would not deprive you, young gentlemen, if I could, in your generous pursuit of knowledge and virtuous distinction, of one single advantage which might conduce to the accomplishment of your desires. I would not, if I could, falsely betray your generous and unsuspecting minds, and sacrifice your interests and your prospects to the interests of Wake Forest. Sooner let Wake Forest sink to central darkness. But you will not be displeased with me for uttering the honest convictions of my mind, that a feverish and restless disposition for change in a student, is decidedly unfavorable to the most advantageous pursuit of knowledge; and especially so to that sobriety and decision of character upon which we must principally depend for success in life.

This Institution is dear to the hearts of many of your Fathers and Friends, who have been its Founders and Patrons. To them it is an object of peculiar interest and solicitude, and as such must commend itself to your affections.

Many of you, too, belong to the denomination by which this Institution was founded, and by which, principally, it must be supported. I make no appeal to sectarian prejudice. I despise it. But while we disavow, and would proclaim that this is not a sectarian, it is nevertheless known to be a *Baptist* Institution. And as we do, and *ought* to wish to see our peculiar sentiments promoted, not because they are the tenets of a party, but because they are the truths of the Bible, it is surely a consideration worth attention

whether we should not contribute whatever we can of honest and honorable influence to the prosperity of the denomination with whose prosperity is identified, as we believe, the success of truth.

The *moral* influence we aim to exert by this Institution is certainly not less important than the literary. We wish to rear the column of Knowledge upon the pedestal of Virtue and Truth; and it certainly deserves the consideration of every *Baptist*, whether *he* ought not to assist us in this work.

This Institution has enjoyed hitherto an enviable reputation for order and morality. Let it be your care, young gentlemen, to maintain and to extend this reputation. Let each one remember that his own honor is concerned in the honor of the Institution of which he is a member; and at the same time that his own conduct, whether good or evil, will reflect its character upon that of his Institution. Let the virtuous scholar reflect, that in honoring himself he is honoring many others. He will be the pride and comfort of his teachers, the joy of his friends, and his name will be a credit to the Institution to which he belongs. Let, too, the idle and dissipated youth not forget, that in disgracing himself, he is not injuring himself alone, but doing what he can to bring disgrace upon the Institution with which he is connected, and to wound and mortify feelings which should be more sacred to him than life itself. Is there *one* among you, generous youth, willing to incur such a responsibility and to expose his character to such an odium? *Not one*, I would gladly hope.

Let me say to you a word on the subject of your future character and conduct.

Aim, young gentlemen, at a character of *high moral excellence*. Let *Virtue* be the polar star by which you will guide your course through life. After all is said, it is virtue which must stamp the character with true dignity. A false



estimate is set in the world upon intellectual qualities. I do not mean to depreciate them, but they are not to be compared with those that are moral. Upon the latter must all true greatness rest as upon its only solid basis. Without these we cannot be great. With them, in connection with but a moderate degree of intellectual ability, we may be truly so. But, young gentlemen, your great object should be—free from the vexations of ambition, without a thought whether you are to be regarded as great or small, in whatever condition of life it may please God to assign you—your great object should be, *to do your duty*. To do his duty, is the highest dignity of man. Let us do our duty, whether as the President of the country, or a constable of our country; whether guiding the State, or guiding the plough. Let *this* be done, and we shall deserve well of mankind. Pope never wrote perhaps two better lines than those in which he asserts:

“Honor and shame from no *condition* rise;

Act well your part; *there* all the honor lies.”

You must excuse me for indulging, amid these classic scenes and associations, in so homely an illustration; but I must be permitted to declare the conviction of my mind, that the poor negro, sweating and bending over his daily plough, who yields himself with sweet acquiescence to the lot which Heaven has assigned him, whose heart is overflowing with devotion to God and with kindness to man, is a nobler character, possesses more of the true elements of greatness than the proudest name known to genius or fame, destitute of his humble but sublime virtues. Certainly, of the two he must enjoy a much higher and purer happiness. For,

“More true joy Marcellus *exiled* feels,

Than Cæsar, with a *Senate* at his heels.”

With others then, I too, young gentlemen would say to you, aim high, yes! very high; for so I consider him as doing, who aims to do his duty.

Resolve *now* upon fixed and determined principles of virtue. This resolution now formed will come to your help in the hour of trial. Let honesty of purpose and kindness of heart rule your life and reign in all your actions. Purge your hearts from low and sordid affections. Unite yourselves by a tender sympathy to the human family. Never be willing to enrich yourselves by impoverishing your neighbor. Determine that you will be honest; that so you will live, and so you will die, at whatever cost. Go down to your graves with clean hands. Die upon the spot, before you will tell a lie, commit a fraud, or practice a meanness. Say to yourselves, let every prospect perish, let my name be cast out as a vile and worthless thing; under the pressure of poverty and trial let my flesh quiver, and my blood recoil, and my bones tremble—but, let my integrity remain to me,—let my honor be preserved inviolate and untarnished. Better to go through every even the hottest fire, lie in the darkest dungeon, face the shame and scandal of the most ignominious gibbet, than to suffer the damning reproach of a wounded and debauched conscience, hissing forever in your ear, *you are a mean man*. Oh! may the history of your life be such that the lonely passer-by, as he pauses at your grave, shall say there lies a man who loved his neighbors; whose heart was the seat of kindness; whose hands were free from bribery; and who has left his image in the hearts of all who knew him.

Finally and especially, let me remind you, my young friends, of the truth which it has been the object of our address to enforce, that our improvement in whatever is excellent and valuable, together with our true happiness, depend upon the combined influence of education and Religion. While then I insist upon the former, I should consider myself as failing materially and culpably in the application of the important principle of my address, if I did not also, with still greater emphasis insist upon the



latter. Between the benefits of education and Religion, if we must, as certainly we should, distinguish between them, there can be no comparison ; since the disadvantages which the pious man suffers from the want of education, be they what they may, are limited to the present life. The omnipotence of Religion will finally triumph over them all. But the disadvantages incurred by the want of *Religion* are of a more serious character. The character of the religious man, however it may be oppressed or retarded in its development, by present obstructions, contains, within itself, an immortal principle of virtue, under the tendency of which it will be continually improving, until it shall have reached its ultimate point, in the perfection of the skies. That of the irreligious man, in spite of all that knowledge or science can do, to prevent so fearful a catastrophe, will be growing worse and worse, and that FOREVER.

Let me then, young gentlemen, assure you, upon the authority of an Apostle of the solemn truth, that though a man might possess "all knowledge"—yea! though he might "speak with the tongue's of men, and of angels"—yet, destitute of the love of God, as the great principle of action, he would be a contemptible and a worthless thing. Such, at least, will be found to be the case, when Eternity shall have stamped its seal upon every character.

Since then we are, upon the best grounds, assured of the immortality of our being, it ought to be a consideration, in comparison with which every other should be forgotten, to impress by our conduct upon that immortality a character of virtue and happiness. For, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Let me remind you, too, that this event can be secured *alone* by a knowledge of the Gospel of the Son of God.

I charge you then, young gentlemen, as you value the fond hopes of a mother's love, as you would not scatter to the rude winds the garnered expectation of a father's joy, I



charge you, do your duty—improve your opportunities. They are worth more to you than the gems of Golconda. Beware of the serpent vice. Beware of dissipation. Before its withering, blighting power, genius, education, knowledge, parental hope, and friendship's fond wishes, all die, and are buried in one dark and loathsome grave. If, young gentlemen, let me say to you with no unfriendly voice, you are not virtuous, and good, and useful, great in time and in eternity will be your responsibility.

We invoke, in conclusion, the blessings of Heaven upon this Institution, upon its Scholars, and upon its Teachers, upon its guardians and upon its patrons. So often as the rising sun shall spread the bright mantle of his glory over all the eastern sky, so often may his morning beams *here* awake o'er youth to the renewed pursuit of knowledge and of virtue. And, so often as he shall descend, amid the softened hues and richly variegated tints of the western horizon, so often may his parting rays rest *here*, upon those whose hearts breathe peace and good will to all mankind. *Here*, may Virtue repose, in the bowers of Science; *here* may the flowers of Literature be wreathed around the brow of Religion; *here* may Knowledge, and Virtue, Education, and Religion, combine their influence for the regeneration of man, and for his elevation to true dignity and happiness. God! of Knowledge and of Virtue! shed, we beseech thee, thy selectest influences upon our beloved Institution!













Jordan, William Hill.  
An address delivered before the two lite



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An address delivered before the two  
literary societies of Wake Forest  
College on the 10th June, 1847



